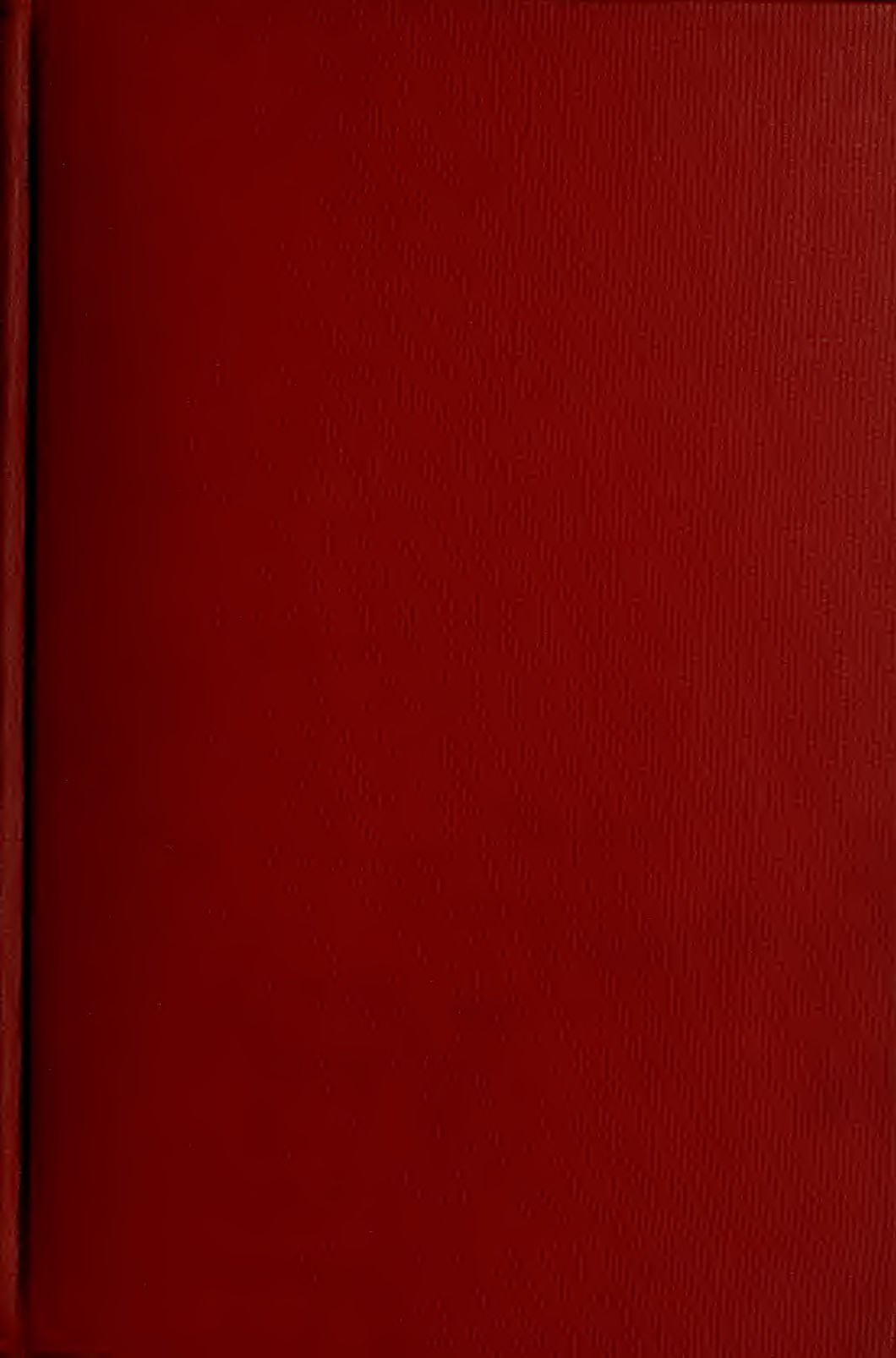
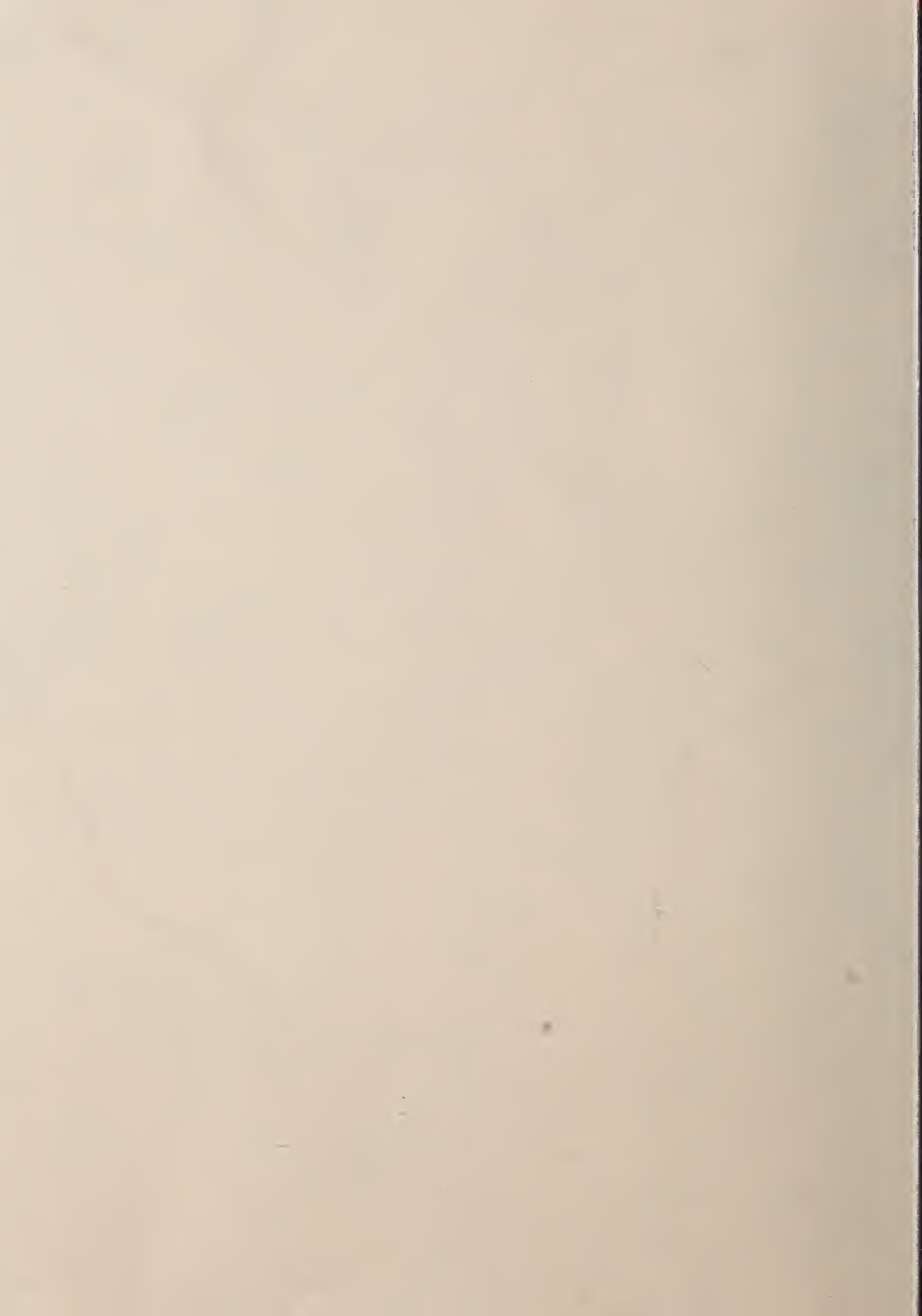
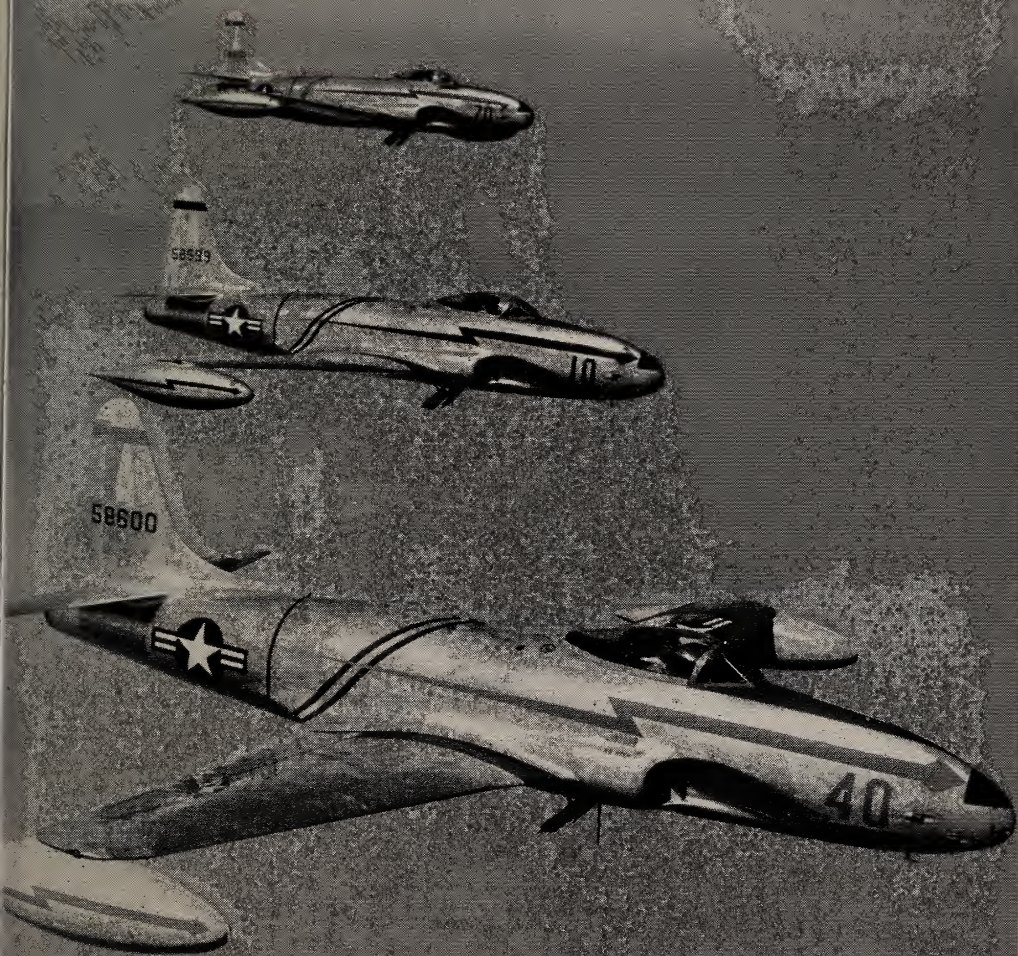






The LINK



August 1953

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Vol. 11

No. 8

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A Feature Next Month

EVERYBODY FISHES IN HAWAII—If you like to fish—and who doesn't—you'll enjoy reading about this fisherman's paradise. Dana Rodriguez tells about the torch fishermen, the surf caster, the shore caster, and net throwers as well as the various species of fish which are available around the Islands.

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1953

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THE FISH

THAT GOT AWAY



CHICK MANWARING

SHORTLY after being shipped to an army base located on the Alaskan Peninsula, during the last fracas, I was sent to an isolated outpost for a few weeks' duty. The officer in charge gathered all the new men together in the quonset hut mess hall for a brief orientation.

"It isn't the Japs we worry about here, men," he said. "It's the weather." He paused and lit a cigarette. "And I want to warn you men about the Alaskan brown bears. There are a lot of them up here, and they're dangerous—real man-killers. We've found," he continued, "that it's safer for two or three men to go out together when you leave camp. And always carry your rifles."

That night the fellows enlarged on the brown bear stories, and I heard of the bear it had taken thirty-five shots to stop, and of the cook who had been chased from

his hut to the mess hall in the wee hours of the morning as he went on shift, by a monster as big as an elephant, with claws as long and sharp as razors.

I listened to all these tales with a salt shaker in one hand.

The next day, not being on the duty roster for anything, I took off for a trip of exploration. One of the fellows had told me of a river near by where the fishing was good, so I took along my fishing tackle. I begged a couple of sandwiches from the cook and started out alone. I didn't take my rifle, as I wanted to be completely unencumbered for my fishing.

I trekked along for two or three miles without seeing anything unusual. Occasionally I'd scare up a few ptarmigan, and I made a mental note to try for some of them later when I had my rifle with me.

As I got close to the river, there

was a stretch of ground not covered with the usual tundra, and I ran into a set of bear tracks which brought me up short. I couldn't stop a whistle of pure amazement as I stared at them. They were almost unbelievably large. They looked like big meat platters, with claws like carving knives.

I glanced around quickly, half expecting the perpetrators of this joke to show themselves. Finally I had to accept the tracks as a fact. I deliberated a moment on whether to turn back to camp, or to try my luck in the river for awhile.

I began to fish, but my heart wasn't in it. I found that you lose a lot of trout if, when they strike, you turn to look behind you. And for some reason, since seeing those huge tracks, I couldn't rid myself of the cold chills zigzagging across my back. I caught a few fish, but of course the biggest ones got away.

After awhile, I started back to camp. I skirted the river for a way, following a natural trail through the brush. I didn't know it then, but I found out later, it was a natural bear's trail.

I don't remember whether I saw or heard it first. Maybe I sensed it. But I stopped and peered through the bushes toward the river and saw one of the largest of carnivorous animals in the world today—an Alaskan brown bear—and he wasn't over thirty yards away!

The cold chills racing up and down my back came to a sudden paralyzing halt, forming a large chunk of ice which centered in the pit of my stomach. I hardly dared swallow, but I remember

reaching up and pushing my fatigue hat back down on my scalp.

The thing was monstrous! To me, he looked as big as a quonset hut. Actually, these bears weigh from two to three thousand pounds, but at that moment I would have sworn he would tip the scales at ten tons.

He was doing just what I'd been doing—fishing. But his methods were different. He flipped them out of the water with his huge paws.

Slowly, I began to back away from him up the trail, keeping my fingers crossed . . . hoping . . . hoping. . . I tripped on some brush and fell. I scrambled to my feet and saw the worst had happened. The big beast had heard me. He raised his head and sniffed the air curiously. With a great shake of his shoulders, he moved ponderously toward the trail, and lowering his massive head, he lumbered toward me.

A wave of pure panic flooded through me. I turned and ran, stumbling and slipping over brush and through it, scratching my arms and face unmercifully in my wild dash. I could hear the savage, coughing grunts of the monster close behind me. It seemed I could feel his hot breath on my neck. Any second now, those razor-edge claws would rip the shirt off my back. I headed for the high bank and dived blindly, headfirst into the river.

The shock of the icy water numbed me for a second, but I began to swim frantically upstream when I heard a mighty splash close behind me as the big beast plunged into the water.

I jerked my head around for a



quick look. He was so close to me, I could smell the wet, musky stink of him. I could see his mean, piglike eyes, his enormous jaws half open, belching out snorting grunts of rage. I dived under the surface and swam as I'd never dreamed I could swim. My arms were elastic steel filled with the strength of fear!

Normally a good swimmer, I was twice as good now. I came up for a gasping lungful of air. The brute was confused; he'd lost me when I dived beneath the surface. He was about ten yards behind me now, but he saw me again and came threshing toward me. I submerged again and swam for what seemed hours of heartbreaking effort. My lungs craved air—they must have air! It was like a dozen red hot pokers were inside my chest searing their way out.

I came up finally, and battled the current toward a jutting boulder near the shallows. My feet touched bottom, and I wres-

tled with the boulder, hanging on for a moment until I regained my breath. I was weak and shaken from my struggle.

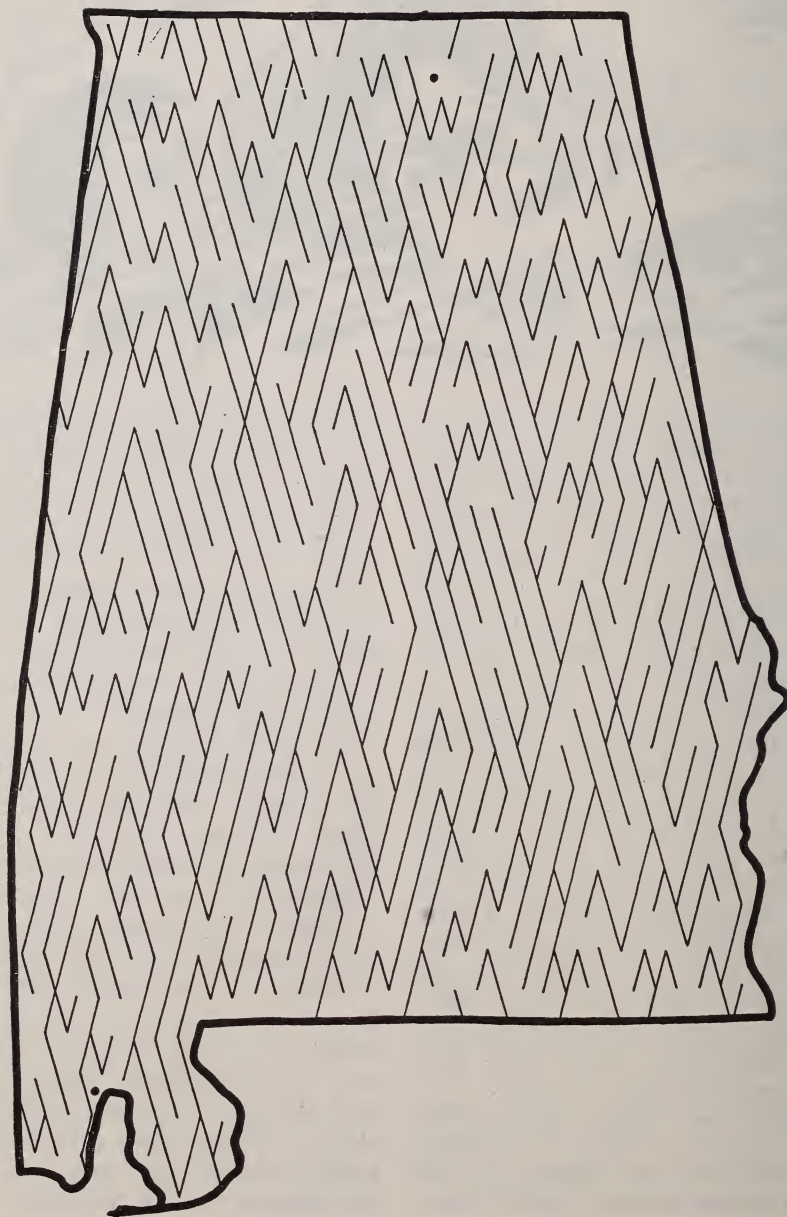
I searched the river for the bear. I had won! He was a hundred yards below me, swimming slowly toward the opposite bank. The relief of it made me feel faint, but I clung to the rock instinctively until I felt stronger.

The great, shaggy brute climbed up on the other bank, shook himself a couple of times, and lumbered off into the brush. I still didn't move. He might come back. I stayed there in the water until my teeth were clicking like castanets—from the cold this time.

Finally I ventured out and forced myself to go at a brisk trot all the way back to camp. There was one thing about this experience I knew I'd never forget. Of all the fish that had gotten away today, I knew that I was not only the biggest but the luckiest.

Alabama Maze

BY REUBEN DeLONG



LINK LINES

by the Editor

FOR several weeks this last spring the papers in Washington were full of a fuss over the firing of Dr. Astin, Director of the Bureau of Standards. Most of it went over our heads, but we sighed with relief when a solution was found and the news turned to more usual things. However, it did serve to remind us that, out there on Connecticut Avenue, is this well-guarded set of buildings which is the center of the world for American science.

Perfection—or as close to it as humans ever can come—is the keynote out there. Those scientists live for exactness. They have a copy of the International Meter, the original of which is kept in Paris,—one that is exactly one meter long, not .9999 of a meter or 1.0001 of a meter. From this standard meter scientists check their measuring rods. They have a standard gallon against which all the gasoline pumps of the nation are checked. They can weigh the dot of an i or figure out how much the planet Jupiter weighs. Why? Why bother our heads about exactness and standards? Why set up standards for everybody?

Because one of the first things that scientists learned was that you couldn't get the right answers unless you began with the right measurements. Perfect arithmetic won't make up for wrong measures. The minute that a scientist gets careless about his measuring,

his experiments are useless and his results will be wrong.

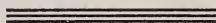
Scientists also learned that if two people were to get the same results from the same experiment and if they were ever going to be able to understand each other, they were going to have to be willing to adopt the same standards. Each person was going to have to accept the standard and hold faithfully to it or scientists would never agree on anything and science would go round and round in hopeless confusion. The amazing progress in scientific fields during the last half century has been possible because, more and more, scientists submitted themselves and their work to standards. Usually no law passed by Congress or any assembly made them do this. They were forced to it because they discovered that there is a "law of nature" which may be stated thus: the same ingredients reacting to the same circumstances for the same length of time will produce the same results. In order to determine the ingredients, the circumstances, and the time, they accepted hard and fast standards. It must have been hard for them to tie themselves down to these rigid standards, but they realized that progress in their work depended upon it. The "law of nature" required it. The results have been well worth the sacrifice of individualism.

People keep suggesting that the trouble with our world is that our moral life has lagged so far behind our material progress. They hint that we could almost make a heaven on earth if our ethical concepts and social prac-

tices could somehow catch up with our scientific know-how.

Perhaps the scientist has pointed the only way in which this can be done—by the discovery and acceptance of standards for society and individuals. Right now most of us are nihilists—people who believe that there are no hard and fast moral standards that apply to all people un-

der all circumstances. Perhaps we have yet to discover that, just as there is a “law of nature” which requires standards, there is a “moral law” that also requires standards. It may just be that our social progress will stumble along very slowly until we are willing to accept and submit ourselves to a generally recognized set of moral standards.



Beating Odds

Having no arms, Chelm St. Orr of Plattsburg, New York, became a slide trombone player by using his feet to operate the slide.

Bob Ramazzotti, who showed up nicely in tryouts for the Chicago Cubs in the infield at the age of thirty-three, carries a silver plate in his head from a 1947 baseball beaming that nearly killed him.

Although he has only one arm and one leg, Dick Norment of Lumberton, North Carolina, pitched a no-hit baseball game.

Elmer Reaves of Trunjunga, California, who is a blind toolsmith, planned and built single-handedly a two-story house.

George Mikan, the famous basketball player, was once told by his school coach that he would never be a basketball player because he wore glasses.

Thomas D. Schall, who served as Senator from Minnesota, was an expert hurdle horseman although blind.

Jasper McLevy was elected mayor of Bridgeport, Connecticut, after nine consecutive defeats.

Ed Barrett of Cedartown, Georgia, as a high school halfback caught five forward passes and intercepted six others in a single game although he had but one arm.

Edward J. Hart, Princeton captain and All-American tackle, played an entire season with a broken neck.

—Harold Helfer

Tremendous Trifles

Robert Carl



A SURPRISING number of the world's most important inventions and discoveries came about because of accidents or because Lady Luck was looking over the shoulder of an inventor or scientist.

Glass, seaweed, rubber, and sunlight—the future is hidden in these trifles that are before us constantly. All you have to do is invent a better mousetrap and then beat your way to the world's door. Find a better way of holding up your socks, and you've got a million dollar future. Find a way to keep women beautiful, and they will give you the earth.

A hundred laboratories are still on the trail of a toothpaste that will stop tooth decay, a real way of stopping baldness, a practical way of making a three dimensional movie, and a way to make automobiles safer.

Back in 1903 a French chemist, Dr. Edouard Benedictus, was straightening up his laboratory, and as he reached up to arrange some bottles on a shelf, his arm hit one and sent it crashing to the floor. When he stooped to pick up the pieces, the scientist was amazed to find that though the glass radiated cracks—the bottle was intact with not a splinter de-

tached. Chemicals which the bottle had contained had dried to form a film inside, holding the fragments together.

Benedictus made a note of the chemicals and promptly forgot about the incident until years later he saw an automobile accident where the driver had been seriously cut by flying glass. He realized the possibilities of the incident and dashed to his laboratory to work on the creation of what is today shatterproof glass.

In 1929 an eminent English bacteriologist at the University of London, Sir Alexander Fleming, set aside a culture of bacteria with which he had been working and went on to other duties. When he examined the plate under a microscope several hours later he noticed that part of the culture was contaminated by a blue-green mold. Many researchers would have tossed the plate away. But he noted, upon studying the culture, that the germs had not grown for some distance around the mold, and he guessed that the mold contained something that held back their development. He experimented further and discovered that the mold offered protection against bacterial infection. The doctor named the

drug penicillin, but did little with it because it was difficult to get pure cultures of the substance.

Some ten years later, when World War II created an acute demand for a better antiseptic, penicillin's great possibilities were realized. The culture was deemed a wonder drug—made possible because a scientist happened to notice the accidental contamination of a bacteria culture.

A man who discovered a better "mousetrap," in the sense of improving the necessities of everyday life, was Mr. Samuel P. Locke. One bleak day in 1930 he joined the ranks of the unemployed despite the fact that he was an electrical engineer with a very good education. One even more discouraging day in 1931, when winter was coming on and the bank account extremely low, Mr. Locke ordered a truckload of coal. Upon trying to fire the coal that night he found it would not burn. He examined the coal more

closely and found it consisted of 50 percent coal and 50 percent dirt. There was no way to make it burn and no way to make the dealer take it back.

Locke did some plain and fancy fuming for a few moments, and then he went to work. He had little money but plenty of time. In the back yard of his house he set up an old oil drum, lined it with tile, and experimented to make the cheap coal burn. The tile burned out. He tried iron. The iron burned out. He finally developed his own fire brick and it worked perfectly. The coal burned with a steady even heat and the smoke vanished.

During the next few months he sold thirty-five of those stoves. The next year he had enough money to get himself a patent and he sold two hundred stoves. Now the Locke stove is standard equipment for the Army, Navy, and Marines. In 1943 this inventor was turning out two thousand stoves a day. And so this jobless engineer has a very comfortable living all due to a trifle—a load of cheap coal that would not burn.

In another case a formula, filed away and forgotten for sixty-five years, gave the world one of its most useful chemicals. Back in 1874, a young student of chemistry, O. Zeidler, was working in a laboratory in Strasbourg. During his experiment he produced a new chemical which he called *dichloro dephenyl trichloroethane*. Seeing no use for his discovery, he made notes on the formula and promptly forgot about it.

In 1938 the Swiss farmers complained of having a plague of in-



"Roxanne will be down in a jiffy. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. . . . A jiffy means two hours."

sects. Nothing could be found to kill the pests. Finally a young chemist, Paul Mueller, found Zeidler's notes in an old book, tried the chemical out on the insects, and found it worked miracles. We know that chemical as DDT, the insecticide that has been so helpful in killing many pests.

The list of helping hands doled out by Fate could go on almost endlessly. Wilhelm Roentgen, German physicist and Nobel prize winner of 1901, was dabbling with some evacuated tubes as scientific toys when a glow appeared from some fluorescent material which happened to be in the neighborhood of his tube. Unwittingly he had discovered X ray.

Galvani came upon knowledge of the muscle nerves and their reactions to electricity when his wife, with a metal scapel, accidentally touched a frog sitting on a machine for generating frictional electricity.

The stethoscope evolved out of

a Rene' Laënnec's recollection of tapping messages to playmates at opposite ends of felled logs.

Luckhardt came upon sleeping carnations in a greenhouse and from this happy accident came the invaluable discovery of the utility of ethylene as an anesthetic.

Most of us probably live all our lives surrounded by great discoveries which we fail to see. Intuition rings the bell, but we don't bother to answer. Therein lies the big difference between an ordinary mortal and the man of genius. The genius is at home to new ideas. His conscious mind is freely open to these subconscious promptings. He is not held down by the dead weight of tradition.

It is often said that the great multimillion-dollar inventions have already been discovered, but in every trade and activity of man there is always room for improvement. And as this world manages to survive, man will go on inventing the trifles that make history.

The Brighter Side

The following announcement appeared in a La Jolla paper: "Having been married for the last seven years to Dena Marie Estrada, the best wife in the world, I am cheerfully responsible for all her obligations. Leon Estrada, RMN, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, California."

In St. Louis Guy V. Neagle, Jr., fell from an eighth floor fire escape of a hotel and suffered no serious injuries. His fall was broken by several strands of electric wires in an alley below.

Mrs. G. F. Sadler of West Point, Georgia, is the hearty head of a healthy family. When she entered a hospital not too long ago it was the first time she had been seriously ill in ninety years. She has 147 grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren. Seventeen grandsons went overseas in World War II. All came back.

Oh, yes, about Mrs. Sadler—she recovered all right!

—Harold Helfer

A Bull's-Eye for Judge Sorghum

JOHN K. WALSH



JUDGE Silas P. Sorghum produced a huge jackknife and trimmed off a generous section of "horseshoe."

"Durn upper plate won't let me bite it off as Ah useter" he apologized. "Same with mah eyes. Caint see ten feet afore me without glasses. Gittin' old. Time was Ah could bark a squirrel at fifty steps. Yes sir!"

The judge squinted at a cuspidor, pursed his lips and then relaxed, range perfect.

"It was pride in that same eyesight that caused me to hedge jes' a bit in a law case Ah had once. Guess Ah shouldn't ought to have won that case, seein's how Ah made use of a *particeps criminis*. Y' see, Ah was a sort of a partner in crime! T'wa'nt right!"

The Judge sighed piously but continued. "Justice should be above strategy an' technicalities. But Ah suppose if it was, a lot o' us lawyers would have to go on relief. Howsomever, the whole thing worked out right even if mah particular *modus operandi* was jes' a little *sub rosa* as it were!

"It all happened when a carnival come to town. Possum Trot don't see many carnivals an' sech, but this one descended probly 'cause the law was on 'em at the larger towns an' county seats. 'Cose Ah strolls over an' thinks mebbe Ah'll inspect the Hiwiyan Exhibits, which Ah understands afterwards was largely composed of some sunburned, portly, female women, probly wives and mothers-in-law of the circus men. Afore Ah got to that tent, Ah heard a rifle barkin'. Shore enough, they're was a shootin' gallery set up, and a long string-bean Jasper was a presidin' at the counter. Shots was five fo' fifteen cents, ten fo' two bits. There was a runway at the back with tin ducks on a run-around belt (you've seed 'em)—only the fust duck was purty near lifesize and the next was smaller, an' smaller, an' so on. Duck number eight was the size of a woodpecker, and duck number ten could a bin licked by a hummin' bird.

"The Jasper was offerin' one dollar bills to anybody who could



knock over all ten ducks, one arter another, without a single miss. Waal, sir, at 'bout twenty steps, that wasn't sech a bad test, so Ah ups and invests in two bits wo'th o' ca'tridges.

"Ah knocked over the fust six or seven ducks without no trouble a-tall. On the seventh, or mebbe the eighth, Ah aims purty keerful and sort of confident like and bang—Ah misses completely!

"Ah laid down another two bits. Shore enough, this second time Ah gits all the way up to number nine. On the ninth duck, Ah draws a fine head, gently squeezes the trigger, and—Bang! Ah misses! Now thar's time when a man that knows shootin' jes' feels dead sartin he's on the bull's-eye. Yet, dad gum it, Ah missed!

"The Jasper was real sympathetic 'bout it too. He said to try it again an' this time, this time, he'd make it two dollars!

"But Ah was like old man Sally's bull who the dogs was teasing. Ah knowed somethin' wasn't jes' right, but Ah didn't know jes' which direction to go! So Ah said,

'Ah don' believe it's possible to hit all ten of them ducks, 'specially that last one!'

"The Jasper winked and showed a gold buck tooth in a cajoling smile at a young feller standin' near me. Ah didn't like the way this other feller's hand seemed to sort of itch towards mah hip pocket. This feller wasn't no town boy. He wasn't no hillbilly, an' he wasn't no Ozark woods colt even if he was sort of dressed for the part. It didn't sound right when he says to the Jasper, says he 'Ah reckon we'uns kin a make that theer old shootin' iron ring the bell! Give we'uns twenty-five cents wo'th o' bullets!'

"Now no Ozark boy talks language anything like that, so I pricks up mah judicial ear, so to speak, and eyes him.

"Drat mah soul that artificial hillbilly knocked over all ten ducks right arter another, collects his dollar bill, and the crowd thet had gathered jes' cheered.

"Ah retired to mah chamber—Ah mean Ah went over an' sat

on a circus wagon single tree—and Ah pondered. How come, Ah says to myself, Ah missed both times? How come this masquerading city slicker hit all ten ducks?

“Waal sir, ye’ don’ practice law twenty-five years in Ozark County without larnin’ a heap about human nature, an’ suddenly it sort o’ dawned on me that Ah had been a sucker. That dressed up city feller was a workin’ for the Jasper who ran the shootin’ gallery. Thar was some kind o’ trick to it, as the widder woman said the fust time she tried to blow out a ’lectric light!

“Outa the tail of mah eye, Ah seed Rufe Johnson sidle up to the shootin’ counter. Rufe useter run moonshine. Got caught, served time up at Jeff City, an’ come back paroled finally to an’ ole Dutchman who was doin’ some clearin’. Rufe was jes’ a no count wood colt that was as crooked as a tangle of bob wire. Lately he had set off some dynamite

under a tree stump while workin’ for the Level Lander, and, bein’ probably drunk at the time, had gone back to the stump jes’ as she blowed right up in his face. Now he was a goin’ to sue the farmer for damages. The farmer had retained me for counsel, an’ the trial was set next week.

“Rufe loved guns, an’ he kept eyein’ them ducks an’ that dollar bill till his mouth watered. Ef he only had two bits.

“Ah had an idea!

“Ah hunted up the city feller who’d strayed over by the Hiwiyan Exhibit, an’ Ah said, ‘Son, Ah represent the law hyar in Ozark County!’

“Nen he said, ‘So what, Grampa?’ Nen Ah said, ‘The majesty of the law, down here in Ozark County, Missouri, jes’ ain’t to be trifled with! You an’ that thar Jasper at the shootin’ gallery are as thick as two thieves an’ jes’ as onry!’ That’s what Ah said, and nen Ah said, ‘Ah have a mind to clap both you fellers in jail!’

“Nen he whined, ‘Say mister, don’ do that. We’ll give you yor money back!’

“Ah said, ‘No sirree, young feller. Ah don’ want the fo’ bits. An’ Ah don’ complain Ah didn’t hit all them thar ducks! What exasperates me is that a city feller like you did hit every one without a miss!’

“‘Shucks!’ He stuck his chin out. ‘Anybody kin hit them ducks as knows how. That is, if Jim lets him.’

“‘You mean, this Jim feller can let anybody win?’

“‘Shore,’ he says.

“‘Son!’ Ah said sternly. ‘Do



“Here it is. Polly Potts—Plaza 3154.”

you want to be let off, free easy an' no argument?"

"You said it!"

"All right! Do you see that big lumberin' galoot with red hair a leanin' agin the tent rope?" Ah pointed out Rufe Johnson.

"Yes, I do!"

"All right son,' Ah advised. 'You see to it that he gets ten shots at them ducks, free of charge.' Then, further, to wit and forsooth, Ah says, 'You see to it that he hits at least six or seven ducks in a row!'"

"Mister,' he comes back earnestly, 'Ah'l fix it so he hits every duck!"

"Bout five minutes later I seed the two crooks close together but starin' in opposite directions, an' a' talkin' fast out'a the sides of their mouths. Nen a little later they part, an' the Jasper beckons to Rufe to come closer to the counter rail. Rufe can't believe his own ears that he's a goin' to git somethin' for nothin', but he fondles that rifle, sights it, then spits, and wipes off purty confidently. The shootin' gallery Jasper lifts his voice. 'Oh, lookee, lookee, lookee!' he says, loud and raucous. 'The champeen of the Ozarks is about to win the dollar bill! Lookee, lookee, lookee!"

"That was jes' what Ah wanted, a good crowd an' shore enough Ah noted Jeff Thurston, Uncle Toby Smiley, Tom Boles, an' a couple o' women folks—all good church members—a hedgin' around the counter.

"Rufe felt good! Hardly pausin' he pumped five shots at the ducks an' dropped 'em without a miss! He did the sixth, seventh, and

eighth a bit slower. Nen, doggone mah soul, he slammed a bullet into duck number nine which was the one Ah missed! That's purty good shootin', Ah conceded. By this time the crowd was purty big and still as a thermometer. Rufe wipes his mouth on the back of his hand, plants his feet firm, and slowly drops his front sight down on duck number ten.

"There was a crack—and Gawd bless mah soul he knocked over the tenth duck and picked up the one dollar bill!"

"Next night the carnival was arrested for showing an immoral exhibit, which was the Hiwiyan Dance Ah had missed. Ah arranged with the mayor to hold over the shootin' gallery Jasper at a higher bail than he was able to make. That was Saturday night, and Tuesday morning Ah appeared in court as counsel for the



"I think they're out of ammunition."

Dutch farmer who Rufe Johnson was aimin' to sue for damages.

"Ah lets Rufe's lawyer, a little pert cricket out of Springfield, set up his case how Rufe was a good citizen, an' was a workin' on the Dutchman's clearin', an' the Dutchman never tole him dynamite was dangerous, an' the dynamite was old and no good, an' due to the Dutchman's negligence it had gone off without no reason a-tall. As a result, the stump blew up in Rufe's face, and Rufe was injured five thousand dollars worth due to impaired beauty of countenance and fifty percent reduction of vision to both eyes *et ceteri ceterorum*.

"Ah let nature take its course until long about three o'clock in the afternoon Ah managed to convey to the twelve prominent townsmen of Possum Trot that Rufe was never a real honest, good citizen, an' that he'd served time in the Penitentiary. 'Cose Rufe's lawyer jumped me on that, an' the jedge sustained his objection. So Ah put it thisaway. Ah showed that Rufe got his job solely on his own statement that he had had experience with dynamite while he was a servin' time at the State Quarry. That hit two birds with one stone.

"Furthermore, Ah had a powder company man tell the jury that that particular box of dynamite was fresh stock in good condition an' jes' couldn't explode all by itself. Ah could see his testimony didn't go so good with the jury 'cause he had a white collar on an' a little hanky-chief stuck in his coat pocket. Them things count with an Ozark jury!

"Things looked bad. Rufe had sworn his eyes was practically ruined, an' the gol derved ole devil had said he couldn't read his Bible no mo'. The foreman asked Rufe to look at the calendar on the wall and tell him what the advertisement was about, an' Rufe said he jes' couldn't even see no calendar. That was bad!

"So, the hull thing, as I jedged it, would boil down to sympathy for poor Rufe's blinded eyes!

"Then Ah called in the shootin' gallery Jasper and four of the prominent church-going citizens who had seen Rufe shoot ten ducks one arter another at the carnival only a few nights past.

"'Cose Rufe's lawyer was mad as a ingrown toenail and tried to exclude their testimony as irrelevant, immaterial an' et cetera. But the Jedge sustained me, and finally when their testimony was over the jury foreman stood up, and he asked could he talk out loud to the plaintiff—meanin' Rufe.

"The Jedge approved.

"The foreman said, 'Rufe did you actually hit every one of them ducks like them people said?'

"An' Rufe jes' couldn't resist a little braggin'. He said, 'Ah shore did!'

"It didn't take the jury hardly time to settle down in the jury room and light their pipes when they come back with a verdict. They didn't think Rufe's beauty had been hurt a bit. Also they figured Rufe was a liar, most of the time, and if he could shoot ten ducks without a miss thar was



nothin' wrong with his eyes. So they turned in a verdict for the defendant and called it a day.

"Ah felt sort of under obligation to the shootin' gallery feller, so I went over to the jail that night and offered to help him. He was a purty good feller.

"Ah says, 'Jim, Ah'm goin' to git yo' case *nolle prossed*, squelched, dismissed, an' throwed out—if you tell me jes' one thing, er mebbe two things.'

"Shoot,' he grinned.

"How come,' Ah said, 'Ah hit eight of yo' ducks an' missed that ninth one?'

"That's easy,' he said. 'Promise me yo' won't tell nobody?'

"Ah said our relations was strictly fiduciary, confidential, an' secret. So he says, 'Land o' mighty, Lawyer, every tube of cartridges that a sucker buys has at least one blank cartridge in it!'

"Humph! Ah see! Ah said.

"Shore, pardner!' he confided. 'I got a special bolt action on that rifle that will handle any cart-

ridge, twenty-two long, short, or blank. See?'

"Waal,' Ah said, 'that settles question number one. But how come Rufe hit all ten ducks?'

"Shucks!' the Jasper confided, 'anybody who can shoot at all could hit 'em. The cartridges I slipped your friend on the last three or four shots was chuck full of scatter shot. All ye' had to do was to point at a duck an' pull the trigger. Nobody could miss a duck with scatter shot at only 15 yards!'

Judge Sorghum glanced at the setting sun, checked it with his huge silver watch, and took a last glance at the cuspidor.

"As Ah said before, Ah won that case on a bit of *sub rosa* an' *nil disputandum*. Howsomever, Ah shore wish that Jasper feller had a give me ten good ca'tridges. Ah believe Ah could a won that dollar bill. As it is, Rufe Johnson's supposed to be a crack shot an' ah cain't say a word. B'leave I'd a druther lost the case."

The Book of Free Men



Louis C. Fink

ALMOST two thousand years after its last words were written the Bible continues to be big news. Year after year it continues to be a best seller. On phonograph records or printed in Braille it is the favorite "reading" of blind people. During 1952 the American Bible Society distributed 13,369,030 Bibles and portions of Bibles, an achievement which was reported in news columns everywhere and which drew editorial comment from leading newspapers. The New York *Herald-Tribune* referred to the Bible as "The Book of Free Men." In the April 21, 1951 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* there was a long article on the book "which took a thousand years to write and another thousand to get into print."

Yes, the Bible continues to be big news. And widespread news too, for the Bible has been published—at least in part—in 1,059 different languages and dialects. If you didn't know there were that many tongues in the world, consider a few other facts about the Bible which may be news to you. Even if you don't read the

Bible, consider its story as the biggest news release the world ever saw. Book stores have dozens of commentaries which explain the Bible.

You must remember that the Bible we read today is a translation. The original books were written at different times and in different languages: Greek, Hebrew, and Aramaic (the latter a dialect used at the time of Christ). None of the original manuscript is in existence today and we depend on translations or copies written down laboriously by hand. The dozens of books which make up the Old and New Testaments were written over a period of more than a thousand years. No copies exist even of the words of the Apostles in whose time writing on papyrus was fairly common.

The earliest and most famous version of the Old Testament is the Septuagint (which gets its name from the fact that there were seventy translators involved in translating it from Hebrew to Greek) which was completed in the years preceding 130 B.C. The oldest manuscript in Hebrew be-

longs to the second century B.C. and was found in a cave near Jericho in 1947. As late as 1948 some Arabs found leather scrolls which were covered with writing and which turned out to be two books of the Bible. Some authorities believe they date before Christ but this has not been definitely established.

Over a period of twenty-three years, from A.D. 383 to 406, Jerome completed a translation of the whole Bible into Latin. This Latin Vulgate translation continues to be the official version of the Roman Catholic Church and was just about the only version available all through the Middle Ages. Catholic scholars at Douay, France, translated this version into English in 1609. King James I of England also had a translation published in 1611. The Douay and King James versions are in wide use today. In both Protestant and Catholic churches, modern versions have been prepared to allow for the differences in word meanings and to correct any existing errors.

Originally, of course, very few Bibles were in existence. The sacred books contain 773,692 words and to make a copy by hand was usually the dedicated work of a monk. Then—about five hundred years ago—Johann Gutenberg figured out a process of printing with movable type which could be used over and over again. He printed a Bible as his first work and experts consider it a beautiful example of fine printing. There are only forty-six copies of the Gutenberg Bible known to exist. If you stumble across one, guard it carefully—it would probably

bring a million dollars in the book markets. Single pages sell for as much as three hundred dollars! And the Chicago Bible Society has been negotiating for the purchase of a Gutenberg Bible—at a cost of \$185,000!

Some say that since Gutenberg's time more than two billion Bibles or parts of the Bible have been printed. It has been estimated that there are half a billion copies in existence today. Who gets all these Bibles? Take a look at the figures.

The American Bible Society, a 137-year-old organization, distributed over thirteen million Bibles and portions of Bibles last year. The Society set new records all along the line, distributing 526,781 complete Bibles in the United States alone, sending Testaments in nine different languages to the fighting forces in Korea. Pocket-sized Testaments for men in service were ordered at the rate of two million a year in 1952. The Society published two million copies of the Gospel of St. Luke in magazine form, provided the materials for printing volumes in Japan, and is even stockpiling Bibles for distribution inside Russia when the time is right.

A new Spanish version of the Bible is in process; a New Testament appeared in Kikwango for the Belgian Congo; St. Mark was translated into Kabba-Laka for the people in French Equatorial Africa; a translation in Piro (for Peruvian natives) is waiting to be printed; and so goes the list. The whole Bible has been published in 197 languages, the New Testament in 257, and parts of the Bible in 1,125 languages.

The American Foundation for the Blind says that the Bible is the most popular book for men and women who cannot see. The sixty-six books of the Bible are on 170 long-playing records prepared by the American Bible Society. It took four years for the actor, Alexander Scourby, to read the Bible for recording. This was the second time the Bible was put on these records; the first master set wore out from being used so much. The Bible in Braille is also available, of course, in thirty-six languages and dialects.

Another organization which has made a name for itself as a distributor of Holy Scripture is the Gideons, a group of commercial travelers organized in Wisconsin in 1899. Their work, which started by placing free copies of the Bible in hotel rooms so that travelers might have a chance to read, has now expanded to include service men and school children.

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago has still another approach to the problem of bringing the Bible to people everywhere. The Moody Institute has

made use of photography, air travel, and radio in the propagation of the Bible. For example, they have a forty-minute film, "God of Creation," which has drawn thousands to showings all over the world.

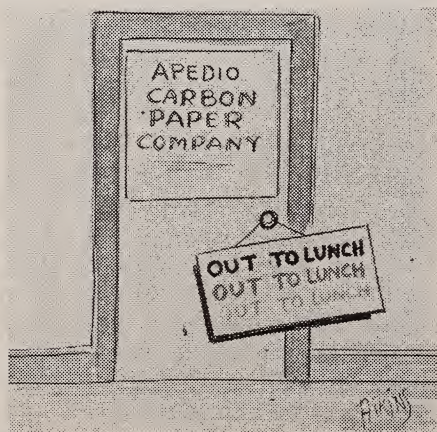
More than fifty airplanes are used by missionaries around the world. In Bolivia an eight-day trip by oxcart is cut to seventy minutes by plane. One plane in Alaska covered forty-three thousand miles in one year, and brought a missionary to many small villages. The planes keep in touch by radio; the missionaries bring medical advice or get it from the outside; and they help to spread the word of God as it is revealed in the Bible.

There are also half a dozen missionary radio networks, carrying Gospel broadcasts to people everywhere. HCJB in Ecuador reaches millions in South America, and through short wave, other millions around the world.

The demand for the Bible seems to be insatiable. Over 550 different editions are available in book stores. It is without doubt the greatest best seller of all times. And yet there are people in this country who have never read a word of its glorious message.

Some find the Bible a source of fascinating detail. One man has figured that Bible has 773,692 words and 3,685,489 letters. He says the word *and* occurs over 46,000 times; the word *Lord* nearly 2,000 times; but the word *girl* only once!

The shortest verse in the whole wonderful Bible is one of its most poignant. Mary and Martha, two



friends of the Saviour, had told Jesus that their brother, Lazarus, was dead. Leading him to the tomb, the Jews in that town said, "Lord, come and see." Then comes the shortest verse in the Bible, one of its most expressive: "And Jesus wept."

The collection of books directly inspired by God continues in every year and in every country. Men and women everywhere find that it has the answers to problems which disturb them; answers which God himself suggested to many men in many different places.

The interest in this marvelous

And It's Been Told . . .

At a meeting of scholars who were choosing books for servicemen, someone offered the suggestion that there be printed a service edition of The Ten Commandments. Another participant thought it would be better to print a collection of short stories, each one based on a Commandment.

"That would be much too long," objected one member of the committee.

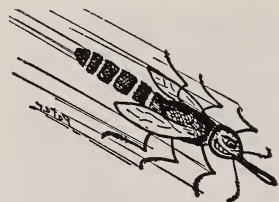
"In that case," suggested another brightly, "we might take five and call the book a 'Treasury of The World's Best Commandments.'"

Little Charlie had bought his Grandmother a Bible for Christmas and he wanted to write an appropriate inscription on the flyleaf. He racked his brain until he remembered that his father had a book with an inscription of which he was very proud. So Charles decided to copy it.

You can imagine Grandma's surprise that Christmas Day when she unwrapped the package, opened the Bible, and found neatly written the following: "To Grandma, with the compliments of the Author."

Dr. Ralph Sockman in a radio broadcast gave a new interpretation of the familiar words of Jesus: "Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." "I don't think Jesus meant," explained Dr. Sockman, "that a repentant sinner is worth ninety-nine good men. No, I might interpret the passage this way—that there is more fun in catching a live trout than in caring for a lot of frozen fish."

A group of first graders was asked to draw a picture of some event in the Bible. One paper showed a picture of a large car, an old man with long white whiskers flying in the breeze was driving, and two people, a man and a woman, were in the back seat. When asked to explain the six-year-old artist said: "That's God driving Adam and Eve out of the Garden of Eden."



MOSQUITOES

and Other Animals

Elizabeth Sadler

ARRIVING IN Bangkok at night, I soon learned about mosquitoes and other wildlife in Siam. Safely installed in a large, high-ceiling hotel room, with double beds equipped with mosquito nets, I stepped out onto the balcony to view the city. Tall, fancy street lights shed a dim glow along Rajadamnern Avenue, revealing a few pedicabs (bicycle taxis) and late strollers. Frogs were croaking in nearby swamps and *klongs*, and mosquitoes began to buzz in my ears and stab viciously at my arms and legs.

I retreated to my unscreened room and took a cold shower—that's one place you can get away from the mosquitoes: under the shower—and then considered the problem of how to get into my mosquito-netted bed. One net had been let down. Stretched tight from a wooden frame high overhead, it was securely tucked under the mattress all around, and I could see no means of entry. Capable-looking mosquitoes clung to the net or cruised hopefully about, watching me search for a way into the sanctuary. How

was I to get in? And how could I get in without letting them in with me?

Finally I located a place where the net was lapped over for a yard or so, and decided that was it. After preliminary reconnoitering and a tentative plan of action, I hiked to the far side of the huge room and switched off the light, then made my way through the darkness to the net-shrouded bed. Making myself as thin as possible, I launched into a windup designed to put me inside in one continuous motion. First I explored the opening with one hand and foot, then slithered along between the two lapping layers of net, still balanced with one foot on the floor, and finally lunged through, landing with a thud on the unexpectedly hard bed. It was not very skillfully done. But I was inside, and I quickly tightened the net, closing the opening I had made.

Entering a net-enclosed bed is quite a feat in balance, speed, and timing. The mosquitoes are pretty big, though not quite as large as you are, and they are fully as

anxious to get in. The chief trouble with my entry, besides its awkwardness, was that three long, rangy mosquitoes slipped in with me. They circled about inside the net, bragging and planning to move in for the kill.

The bed, as I said, was unexpectedly hard. It was simply a wooden platform with a thin pad, maybe a half inch thick, for a mattress. It's supposed to be cooler that way. Goodness knows I needed all the coolness I could get, shut up in that tent. But I am young and healthy, and after a few rounds with the mosquitoes, who out-boxed me hopelessly, I shrugged and stretched out straight on my hard board. After all, three mosquitoes were better than all the multitudes outside. I just hoped they would not puncture the net and let their buddies in. I believed them fully capable of it. But I was fresh, unspoiled game, and they seemed to prefer to keep me for themselves.

I slept heavily. My bed swayed and rocked and dropped with the motion of the planes I had been riding. Occasionally I stirred to brush off villains who were trying to stab me as I slept. Then it was broad daylight, time to get up. The three mosquitoes were tired out. They rested high inside the net, full and satisfied and sleepy, completely ignoring me as I examined the red polka dots all over my body and then fought my way clear of the entangling net and again sought the cold shower.

I lived in this unscreened room for over a month. Tiny lizards scampered all over my walls day and night. Birds swished through the room at all hours, or perched

for a visit on any convenient projection—convenient to them, that is—leaving their calling cards behind them. Sometimes tremendous birds, like bats or hawks, alighted on my balcony and squawked and flapped their wings. I grew accustomed to all these. But somehow I never got adjusted to the mosquitoes. Probably some antisocial streak in my make-up.

Finally I agitated until I got my room screened, paying a much higher room rent for the privilege. And, sure enough, as the hotel people had said, the room was much hotter after it was screened. I think they did it on purpose, to prove their point, for they put much more wood on the screen doors than necessary. And instead of screening the high ventilating windows, they nailed them shut, cutting off much of the circulation. That gave me no direct current of air in my bathroom, where formerly I had had a gale that banged the doors.

Now I am in a house. It is a Siamese house of unpainted teakwood, which I am subletting from a German couple who are now in Germany on a vacation. The house is not screened, except for a wire cage built around the bed, making the bedroom a funny-looking affair and hard to move around in. But I sleep inside a screen, with two doors that open and shut. No more diving through a mosquito net.

I have not seen a single house in Bangkok that is fully screened. Some houses have certain rooms screened, usually a bedroom or two, sometimes a dining room. I have not seen a single living room

that is screened—and I have been in a good many houses, including the residence of the American ambassador. For one thing, the screen shuts out the breeze. Then the doors and windows are so large and numerous, and are built in such a way, that they are difficult to screen. And screen—net, the people here call it, wire net—is very expensive.

So we live with the bugs and mosquitoes. As the rainy season came on they got worse. For the first weeks after I moved into my house I thought they would drive me crazy. "Why, that's part of living in the tropics," American friends keep saying. "Why don't you use insect repellent, you dope?" I use DDT by the gallon, and from time to time I must have used every known brand of insect repellent. But I hate the stuff, and usually decide I'd rather take the bugs. One kind of insect repellent not only takes off my nail polish but takes the paint right off the furniture, and the leather off my traveling clock. I must be pretty tough, for it doesn't seem to hurt my skin. But

it is sticky, and I hate stickiness. Some kinds burn my skin, while others seem to delight the mosquitoes.

I used to burn coils of stuff that is supposed to discourage the mosquitoes, but I got my lungs so full of it that now it discourages me. So we go on with our battle against the mosquitoes. . . . Thank goodness, the mosquitoes in Bangkok now are not carriers of malaria—or so people say.

And the bugs. I have done a good bit of typing and cutting of stencils at night, and sometimes it is quite an ordeal. Especially on Monday and Thursday nights, when the lights are off because of the weak electric current. On blackout nights I use a big Coleman lantern, with an ash mantle like an Aladdin lamp. It makes a pretty good light, but oh, how it heats up! And how it draws the bugs!

The first night my lights were out, I was cutting stencils. In spite of the heat, the fiery Coleman lamp was suspended from an iron hook right over my head, so I could get a good light on my work. Bugs began to get in my hair so thick and fast that before I had dislodged one, two more were buzzing there. They got down inside the neck of my dress, back and front, and stuck to my wet skin. That was bad enough. But when they started getting in my typewriter, and getting smashed under the keys, I had to give up.

When you live in Bangkok, you get intimately acquainted with animal life. The top portion of the walls in each room throughout the house is open latticework, and



tremendous rats tour the walls at night, in and out the lattice-work. They eat the soap in the bathroom, and chew up my stationery—I think it is the glue they like. Right now about a dozen small birds are chattering noisily just outside my open door, and several beautiful black-and-white birds are singing in a mango tree and searching for insects on the banks of the *klong*. I like the birds. And I am getting to be right chummy with the lizards, from the tiny little ones that scamper across my walls and chirp from time to time, to the great big ones (called *gekkos*) that sit on the window ledge and bark like dogs.

But, as I said, I don't get along too well with the bugs and mosquitoes. When they get too bad I take refuge in my screened cage. There on the bed I read or write or even use the typewriter, though it is a makeshift arrangement for that. When I first used to retire to my cage I nearly burned up, but now I have it rigged up so I can have an electric fan there. And that is where you are likely to find me almost any time now, and where I'll probably spend a good bit of the remaining time before I take off for the Philippines. I wonder what the mosquito situation is there.

Battle Notes

Did You Know—

That at the start of the Revolutionary War privates in the Continental Army were paid only \$6.66 per month?

That in the Battle of New Orleans during the War of 1812, two thousand British soldiers were killed in action as compared to only eight American soldiers?

That the U. S. Navy lost 696 vessels of all kinds during World War II?

That the British were the first to use tanks in warfare—during the Battle of the Somme, September 15, 1916?

That only ten per cent of American bombers failed to get through to their targets during World War II?

That once upon a time all foot soldiers were called sergeants?

That a Russian private gets paid only about \$7.20 per month?

—Joseph C. Stacey

YOU ARE INVITED • Coming Events of Interest to You

Events are listed by time, place, name, and address for obtaining information

- Aug. 16-23: Lake Geneva, Wis., CENTRAL TRAINING CONFERENCE; U.C.Y.M., 79 East Adams St., Chicago 3, Ill.
- Aug. 19-24: New Wilmington, Pa., UNITED PRESBYTERIAN NATIONAL YOUTH CONVENTION; 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.
- Aug. 20-23: Seattle, Wash., WEST COAST YOUTH FELLOWSHIP CONVENTION; Church of God, Anderson, Ind.
- Aug. 29-30: Evergreen, Colo., EPISCOPAL MEN OF COLORADO; M. L. Marsh, Evergreen, Colo.
- Aug. 29-30: Montreat, N.C., PRESBYTERIAN U.S. MEN'S CONFERENCE; Presbyterian Building, Richmond Va.
- Sept. 3-8: Ann Arbor, Mich., UNITED STATES ASSEMBLY OF YOUTH; Young Adult Council, 134 East 56th St., New York 22, N.Y.
- Sept. 4-6: Santa Cruz, Calif., NAZARENE DISTRICT YOUTH CONVENTION; 2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City 10, Mo.
- Sept. 7-9: Zionsville, Pa., E.U.B. SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE; 1900 Knott Building, Dayton 2, Ohio
- Sept. 11-13: Delaware, N.J., EPISCOPAL YOUNG PEOPLE'S FELLOWSHIP; A. S. Hogenauer, 24 Rector St., Newark 2, N.J.
- Oct. 8-10: Atlantic City, N.J., N.J. CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION; 6 Woodruff Building, Rahway, N.J.
- Oct. 9-11: Boston, Mass., COVENANT YOUTH OF AMERICA ANNUAL MEETING; 5101 North Francisco Ave., Chicago 25, Ill.
- Oct. 13-15: Pittsburgh, Pa., PA. STATE YOUTH CONVENTION; Pa. State Council, 2403 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
- Oct. 31-Nov. 1: Jamestown, N.D., ANNUAL E.U.B. BROTHERHOOD CONGRESS; 1900 Knott Building, Dayton 2, Ohio
- Nov. 3-5: Winston Salem, N.C., ANNUAL DISCIPLES OF CHRIST CONVENTION; 222 North Downey St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Where?.....When?.....How was it?

We are very curious to know how this calendar of conferences has worked and how many armed forces people had a chance to go to camp or conference this summer. Could you just drop us a line and let us know where you went, when you were there, and how it was? You can help us to decide about keeping this calendar as a regular feature of THE LINK. Write us at 122 Maryland Ave., NE., Washington 2, D.C.

United Fellowship

Wild Oats

You should see what farmers do with seeds these days! They breed seeds in special fields. Then they select the best. These seeds are cleaned, fanned, sorted, tested, and given a treatment for "athlete's foot." Finally, they are registered and given a pedigree. Why? Because farmers have learned that the Bible knew the score when it said, "Whatever a man sows, that he will also reap." The smart farmer never plants any seed but the best.

Special care is taken to keep out weeds and wild seeds. Once you get weeds in your field you have a real battle on your hands. Weeds find devilish ways of spreading and multiplying. Either you get rid of them or they will make each crop less wholesome and less valuable. Any farmer knows that the smart way is not to plant any weed seeds in the first place.

Yet older folks, including some farmers, keep telling young people that it's smart to spend a dozen years or so sowing "wild oats." They suggest that it doesn't make much difference what kind of ideas and practices you sow while you are single—someday you will marry and "settle down." They know this isn't true. Many a man of fifty is still battling to get rid of "wild oats" he sowed at twenty. Many have just given up the battle. Some fellows feel that they sowed the wind and are reaping the whirlwind. With each, life is less than it could be. They know that only the fool sows weeds in his life.

Someday mankind will get out of this rut of giving bad advice. Perhaps even our generation could do it.



—Joe Dana

What's Buzzin'



The United Fellowship of Protestants in Augsburg, Germany, was organized on March 22. A month later the average attendance was about seventy-five persons—soldiers, and American and

German civilians. The first officers to be elected were (pictured above, left to right): Donald H. Cage, recording secretary and treasurer; Lewis C. Williams, corresponding secretary; Herman



Lane, president; and James Harris, vice-president. Standing behind them in the picture, just as they stand behind all the work of the group, are Chaplains Donn E. Hill, Duncan C. Stewart, Nathaniel Waraburton, James Marler, Robert E. Stark, and James Miller. Chaplain James K. McConchie, who was on the original committee that started the United Fellowship of Protestants, is counselor for the group at Augsburg. Our second picture (opposite page, below) shows the members in a song-fest which is part of each evening's program.

From across the world comes word from Chaplain Deane Bab-bitt of a new group formed at Pusan, Korea. It started right after Easter and is going under full steam now. This is a group that has a big job already cut out for them because it will be the privilege of the Fellowship in the cadre to welcome a steady procession of casuals to their meetings. We know that they will always have something interesting planned and a warm welcome for anybody in Pusan.

The forward ready room is the meeting place of the Fellowship aboard the "USS Cabot" (CVL-28) out of New York. Each week one of the fellows leads the program and the last business of each meeting is to choose the leader for the next one.

Under sponsorship of Chaplain Lynde E. May III, they have discussed many fields but usually follow THE LINK in their formal discussion. Our picture shows some of the fellows in this growing Fellowship.

A chaplain of the Netherlands Air Force told us recently that during the war in Europe their fellows used THE LINK as a textbook from which to learn English. Some of them have kept right on reading it. Now that their Air Force is expanding, they are glad to know that THE LINK is always available to them. And we are glad they can use it!

We are very much interested to know whether our calendar of conferences which we titled "You Are Invited" has done its job. How many of you went to a conference this summer? Where? When? How? Drop us a dozen lines and tell us about it.



Right and Wrong—What Do You Mean?

Aims for This Program

1. To discover what we mean by right and wrong.
2. To discuss the place of judgment of right or wrong in society.
3. To outline some tests to determine right and wrong in conduct.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Exodus 20:1-17; Matthew 7:24-27

A BRIGHT and inquisitive youngster grew annoyed with his mother when she kept telling him there were certain things he must do and some things he must not do. Finally he asked, "Why must I do as you tell me?"

His mother, taken by surprise, could not honestly answer. A bit lamely she said, "You must do as I tell you because I had to do as my mother told me, and she had to do as her mother told her."

"Humph," grunted the little fellow, "who started this silly game anyhow?"

Right and wrong is not a silly game but we may well ask where we got our ideas of what is right and wrong.

The chief source book on moral law—which is the law of right and wrong—is the Bible. Especially do the Ten Commandments (Exodus 20:1-17) and the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5:7) point out the proper relationships between man and God and between man and his fellow men. There is scarcely a page in Scripture, however, which does not directly or indirectly deal with the problem of morality.

Ideas handed down to us in the Bible have been tried, tested,

and sometimes reinterpreted in the light of modern life. Slavery for instance, is not socially condemned in Scripture. For many centuries it was not considered wrong even by Christians; but the wiser appreciation and application of Christ's teaching of the sacredness of human personality eventually led all Christians to declare slavery wrong.

There are folk who would have us believe that our generation is morally worse than any other generation in the history of Christian civilization. A case can be made for this thesis. In some respects, however, we have a keener sense of right and wrong than any who have gone before us. By and large we have a greater awareness than former generations of our responsibility for others, a greater zeal for getting rid of oppression, injustice, poverty, and the forces which destroy human life and character.

The great religions of the world have long held that the moral law is written in the character of the universe. Just as there are laws of light, motion, and gravity, so there are laws of right and wrong. A life characterized by honesty, truthfulness, decency,

justice, and integrity is the kind of life God can bless. A life which runs counter to the moral law must, of necessity, produce unhappiness. This was what Paul had in mind when he wrote: "For the wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Not everyone would agree with this but there is strong indication that the law of right and wrong is carved in the hearts of men everywhere. C. S. Lewis makes a strong case for this in his book *Broadcast Talks*. All people everywhere, he contends, have an innate law or rule of fair play and decent behavior about which they are pretty much agreed. When a person is accused of doing wrong he does not say, "You and I have different ideas of right and wrong." That would stop further argument and agreement. The accused tries to make out that he was not wrong, or that there was some excuse.

The proposition is often put forth that people in various parts of the world and in other generations have had radically different ideas of right and wrong. But basically, have men's ideas of the moral law been so different? Where have men as a group ever honored cowardice, treason, dishonesty, or untruthfulness? As Lewis points out, "Men have differed as regards what people you ought to be unselfish to—whether it was only your own family, or your fellow countrymen, or everyone. But they have always agreed you oughtn't to put yourself first."¹ So also men have dis-

Questions for Discussion

1. What would society be like if we had no standards of right or wrong?

2. Is "Follow your conscience" good advice for everyone?

3. How much should the rightness or wrongness of an act determine whether or not you do it?

4. How much of right and wrong can or should a youth learn from his parents? His school? His church?

agreed as to whether a man should have one wife or four, but they have always agreed that a man shouldn't have just any woman he wanted.

There are certain ways of doing and thinking that Christians everywhere have always considered wrong. Lying, stealing, murder, immorality—there is no debate as to the rightness and wrongness of such actions. It is when we make specific, practical applications in such fields as Christian liberty, entertainment, pleasure, and attitudes in human relationships that the problems most often arise. Sometimes even the interpretation and application of God's principles for life pose difficult questions.

What are the basic tests by which we may measure a proposed course of action?

1. *The test of conscience.* Conscience has often been compared to a courtroom in which there are culprit, judge, witnesses, and jury. These are all in the person's own heart; in fact they are all himself. What is our highest and noblest reaction to the act in question—

¹ Lewis, C. S., *Broadcast Talks*, London, The Centenary Press, 1942.

is it good or bad? For the sincere Christian, conscience is a valuable, though not infallible, guide.

2. *The test of experience.* We do not live long enough to make all mistakes ourselves; we ought to learn from the mistakes of others. What does the past experience of ourselves and others tell us about the good or evil of what we are proposing to do?

3. *The test of publicity.* Would

we be willing to hold up this practice in it? Would we be willing to have all the world know our choice? Our parents? Our neighbors? Those whom we most love and respect?

A chaplain, concerned about the profanity and lewd talk in his organization, had a tape recorder secretly installed in a barracks latrine. A few days later he called the group together and played



And God spoke all these words, saying,

"I am the Lord your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

"You shall have no other gods before me.

"You shall not make yourself a graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; you shall not bow down to them or serve them; for I the Lord your God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children to the third and the fourth generation of those who hate me, but showing steadfast love to thousands of those who love me and keep my commandments.

"You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days you shall labor, and do all your work; but the seventh day is a sabbath to the Lord your God; in it you shall not do any work, you, or your son, or your daughter, your manservant, or your maidservant, or your cattle, or the sojourner who is within your gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that is in them, and rested the seventh day; therefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it.

"Honor your father and your mother, that your days may be long in the land which the Lord your God gives you.

"You shall not kill.

"You shall not commit adultery.

"You shall not steal.

"You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.

"You shall not covet your neighbor's house; you shall not covet your neighbor's wife, or his manservant, or his maidservant, or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is your neighbor's."

—Exodus 20:1-17 (RSV)

back the recording without comment. Careless speech took on a new significance in light of that exposure. Publicity was effective in securing desired results.

4. *The test of perspective.* This is the "long-look" test. How does the questioned course of action measure up in light of the future? What are the long-range results?

A girl just out of high school was having constant conflict with her parents because of the company she was keeping. The crowd was loud and fast—free with money, alcohol, and sex. The girl turned down every effort of her parents to direct her interests into other channels. The problem was solved only when she married and established a home of her own. She lost interest in her former friends and the happy relationship between the girl and her parents was restored. She confessed that she was ashamed of the two years in her life when she departed the principles which had been a part of her early training. The tension and heartache might have been avoided if she had been willing to test what was right and wrong in light of the home she was to establish. A Christian can judge the right or wrong of a proposed action by testing it in light of the future.

5. *The test of universality.* Suppose what we propose to do

should become universal custom. Would the results be good or bad? What if everyone followed our lead in dealing with the practice in question? Would that be what we want? Would we be willing to accept responsibility for having led them down that road?

6. *The final test—Jesus Christ.* What would he say? Would he approve or disapprove of the thing we are questioning?

A father and his daughter were walking along a riverbank. Near a bend of the stream the little girl spied some lovely wild flowers on a high point of land which extended over the river. As she ventured near the edge the father called her back sharply. "But why, Daddy?" she asked with tears in her eyes. The father led her around the bend and showed her how the swirling waters had undercut the bank. There was only a thin crust of sod and gravel. It looked green and inviting but it was obviously dangerous. Returning to pick some flowers the child asked, "But Daddy, how many flowers can I pick?"

"Sweetheart," he replied, "you may pick as many flowers as you can without letting go of my hand."

Whatever loosens our hold on the hand of Christ is wrong for the Christian.



*Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
Hold o'er my being absolute sway!
Fill with Thy Spirit till all shall see
Christ only, always, living in me!*

—A. A. Pollard

What About the "Double Standard"?

Aims for This Program

1. To examine the "double standard" in social customs and morality.
2. To determine whether or not it is proper for Christians.
3. To see what is happening to it today.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: John 8:1-11; I Corinthians 11:2-16; Galatians 3:23-28

A STANDARD is an established or accepted rule by which something is measured. The "double standard" is a phrase which applies to the conduct of men and women, with the implication that men are to be judged by one standard and women by another.

Smoking is a case in point. Many men who smoke do not want their mothers or wives or daughters to indulge. In other words they have two standards of right and wrong—one for men and another for women.

An example of how the "double standard" operates in our society is set forth in an old poem.

Three men went out one summer night,
Nor care had they or aim,
And dined and drank, "E'er we go home
We'll have," they said, "a game."

Three girls began that summer night
A life of endless shame;
And went through drink, disease, and
death
As swift as racing flame.

Lawless and homeless, foul, they died;
Rich, loved, and praised, the men;
But when they all shall meet with God
And Justice speaks—what then?

To what extent do we consciously or unconsciously employ the "double standard" in our judg-

ment of behavior today? Are certain types of conduct considered acceptable in men but objectionable in women? Is the "double standard" justified? Is it Christian? To get at an answer to these questions we need to review the status of women through the centuries.

In the ancient world women's place in society was unbelievably low. She was little more than a household slave and sexual convenience. She had no standing in the community socially, legally, or politically. Aristotle, a representative of the supreme culture of Greece, considered women inferior beings somewhere between freemen and slaves.

Scarcely more than a century ago the German philosopher, Schopenhauer, described women as "that under-sized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race." They are, he said, "fitted for acting as the nurses and teachers of our early childhood by the fact that they are themselves childish, frivolous and short-sighted . . . big children all their life long—a kind of intermediate stage between the child and the full-grown man."

Before the beginning of the

twentieth century women had few rights which men were legally bound to respect. In England a husband might beat his wife and keep well within the law if he left her moderately alive! Whatever money she earned belonged to him; her dowry, if any, was his to spend. She could not vote. The doors to most careers were closed. Even so, through the centuries the position of women in western civilization has been higher than that of the women in Asia and Africa.

The superior status women enjoy in Europe and America has its source in the Hebrew-Christian tradition. Under the Hebrews the position of woman was in marked contrast to her status in surrounding pagan nations. She was given greater liberty, her social standing commanded greater respect. In the Ten Comandments children were required to honor the mother as well as the father (Exodus 20:12). Rachael, Miriam, Deborah, and others rose to eminence and leadership in the nation.

A new day dawned for women with the advent of Christianity. The movement in modern society toward her freedom and higher standing is the distinct and inevitable product of the teachings of Christ.

A few years ago in India a missionary pointed out to me a native couple walking along the street side by side. He commented that when an Indian husband and wife were seen walking together, instead of the woman behind the man, that was almost a sure sign that the man was a Christian. The emancipation of women from a

Questions for Discussion

1. Do inherent differences in personality and function require a different standard for men and women or a different application of the same standards?

2. Discuss the Equal Rights Amendment. Will it benefit women or do them harm? Is it practical?

3. Is there any form of entertainment that is right for men and wrong for women? Any that is right for women and wrong for men?

subordinate status has its roots in Christ's teaching of respect for human personality regardless of race, class, or sex.

The honor conferred on Mary as mother of Jesus helped lift women from a "low estate" (Luke 1:48). This honor carried its benediction to women of all subsequent generations which were touched by the influence of Christianity.

An interesting study could be made of the part women played in the ministry of Christ. The home of Mary and Martha, the sisters of his friend Lazarus, was his dearest earthly refuge and resting place. We read that as he went about preaching with the twelve, there were with them, "also some women who had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities: Mary, called Magdalene . . . Joanna . . . Susanna, and many others who provided for them out of their means" (Luke 8:2-3).

The Apostle Paul is sometimes pictured as taking a dim view of women's place in society. A reading of I Corinthians 11:2-

16 could give this impression. The fact is, however, that Paul was one of the strongest champions of women's rights. He did place certain restrictions on the conduct of women, and because Paul was very jealous of the reputation of the early church, he was anxious that the women do nothing that could be subject to misinterpretation by the non-Christian. In Corinth pagan women had neither religious privileges nor duties. By encouraging them to take part in worship at all Paul was breaking with custom. This was a long step forward in an ancient world which held jealously to the theory of male superiority. In his interpretation of the gospel of Christ he gave woman religious status she never before possessed. "... there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Galatians 3:28).

Greater progress has been made in the direction of equality of status between men and women in the last half century than during the past twenty centuries. The historian, the sociologist, the economist, and others can give various reasons for this change. The fact remains, however, that a growing conscience on human rights and the sacredness of human personality made this new status possible.

In most areas of life today men and women are often judged by a single standard. Politically women are on an equal with men. They can vote, and hold any public office. Economically women are at no great disadvantage. Few career fields are now closed to them and those only by reason of physical endurance. Socially the advantages are on the side of women. Their rights are protected by law against injustice and oppression to a greater extent than is the case with men. Religiously women exert tremendous influence both directly and indirectly. Important ecclesiastical offices, including that of ordained minister, are open to women in many denominations. In some churches the highest positions are still reserved for men but giant strides have been made in recent years in the direction of complete equality of status.

The proposed Equal Rights Amendment asks that "equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by a State on account of sex." This amendment is designed to abolish all remaining discriminations against women. By the same token, however, it would jeopardize protective legislation for women in industry such as minimum wage-hour laws, laws



*I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.*

—Howard A. Walter

prohibiting night work and hazardous occupations, requiring rest periods, lunchrooms, and other measures which benefit women.

The proposed amendment also raises such questions as: Would wives be deprived of the right to support from their husbands? Could not husbands demand support from their wives? Are grounds for divorce and alimony to be identical?

What then is the Christian answer to the problem of the "double standard"? Complete equality of status? A subordinate position for women? Or do we reflect more perfectly the mind of Christ by giving women equality of dignity and worth and surrounding that status with the legal and moral protection necessary to insure it?



From "Our Master"

We may not climb the heavenly steeps

To bring the Lord Christ down;

In vain we search the lowest deeps,

For Him no depths can drown.

.
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet

A present help is He;

And faith has still its Olivet

And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress

Is by our beds of pain;

We touch Him in life's throng and press,

And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said

Our lips of childhood frame,

The last low whispers of our dead

Are burdened with His name.

Our Lord and Master of us all!

Whate'er our name or sign,

We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,

We test our lives by Thine.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

Cold Sober

Aims for This Program

1. To explore present-day attitudes toward drinking.
2. To see what the Bible thinks of the use of liquors.
3. To discover what the attitude of a Christian must be.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Romans 14:13-21; Proverbs 23:29-35

Is anything but cold sober a fit condition for the Christian? What attitude shall I, as a Christian, take toward the use of intoxicating beverages?

These are questions we in the military cannot avoid. Many, perhaps the majority, of people with whom we associate have neither conscience nor scruple against the use of liquor. By refusing to drink and to frequent the places where liquor is served we lay ourselves open to the charge of being unduly prudish and strait-laced.

There is a difference in attitude toward the use of liquor even among Protestant churches. Some insist on abstinence and make that a requirement for church membership. Others advocate abstinence but allow their members liberty of conscience. Still others hold that the use of intoxicating beverages in moderation is a source of innocent pleasure.

In this study we are not concerned with the medical or psychological or economic factors involved in the use of liquor. Rather our interest is confined to the religious and moral aspects.

A Christian believes God has a way of life which brings blessing in the living of it. He wants to square his attitudes and actions

with God's will. Thus, if the Christian is convinced that the use of liquor is contrary to the will of God, he will abstain from it. In order to arrive at a thoroughly Christian and consistent view we should consider the Biblical attitude toward liquor.

Intoxicating beverages have a long, even if not honorable, history. The opening chapters of the Bible report Noah's drunkenness (Genesis 9:20-27). Scores of references are made to wine and strong drink. Many of these are warnings against its use. A few recommend its use under certain conditions (Proverbs 31:6-7; I Timothy 5:23). In every case the Bible is uncompromising in its opposition to the excessive use of intoxicating beverages. The prophets condemn drunkenness as a social evil (Isaiah 5:11-12; 22-23; 28:7-8). The wise man in Proverbs paints a vivid picture of the results of overindulgence (Proverbs 23:29-35).

It is significant to remember that wine was a common beverage in Palestine. Water was in short supply, especially at certain seasons of the year. Even so, priests and others consecrated in the service of the Lord were forbidden to drink wine.

There is no reason to suppose—as Protestants sometimes do—that the wine Jesus made from water or the wine used at the Last Supper was any different from that customarily used in Palestine. The most conservative Biblical encyclopedias hold that the idea of unfermented grape juice at the Last Supper is quite without foundation. In such a climate as Palestine fermentation begins almost immediately after the juice has been pressed from the fruit.

We do ourselves or our cause no service by basing our arguments on false assumptions or forced exegesis. The point to be kept in mind is that the liquor problem today is far more complex and acute than when our Bible was written. Conditions of the modern world have given rise to situations which were not within the horizon of the Old and New Testament writers. Whatever attitude we adopt toward the use of intoxicating beverages we, as Christians, should be on guard against reading into Scripture more or less than was intended.

Temperance and sobriety in all things is a principle of life frequently enunciated in the New Testament (Acts 24:25; Galatians 5:23; II Peter 1:6). A bishop, or one holding an honorable position in the church was specifically charged not to be addicted to wine (I Timothy 3:2-3; Titus 1:7-8; 2:2-3). Paul's advice to Timothy to use a little wine for the stomach's sake was based on medicinal grounds (I Timothy 5:23). Timothy's weak stomach is a silly argument in favor of the use of intoxicating beverages!

Questions for Discussion

1. How can a person who doesn't drink get along with people who think he should drink?
2. Does drinking do more harm to the people who drink or to society as a whole?
3. Who is responsible for the continuation of drinking among Christians?

Total abstinence is not prescribed as a formal or universal rule in Scripture, but broad principles are laid down, especially in the New Testament, which point in that direction. A Christian has two primary responsibilities in this life: responsibility for his own relationship to God, and responsibility for the highest welfare of his fellow men. Thus Jesus' words, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me" (Matthew 16:24), suggest that nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of a man's spiritual development.

Equally pertinent in the matter of responsibility for others is his warning, "Whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in me to sin, it would be better for him if a great millstone were hung around his neck and he were thrown into the sea" (Mark 9:42). The Apostle Paul recognized his obligation to others when he wrote, "Do not let what you eat cause the ruin of one for whom Christ died" (Romans 14:15), and, "Therefore if food is a cause of my brother's falling, I will never eat meat, lest I cause my brother to fall" (I Corinthians 8:13). The thoughtful Christian can-

not but give serious consideration to these principles as he seeks to determine his attitude toward the use of liquor.

The Christian point of view in the matter of drinking grows out of the social implications involved as well as the teaching of Scripture. The Roman Catholic Encyclopedia states the case well: "Alcohol is of all causes the most frequent source of poverty, unhappiness, divorce, suicide, immorality, crime, insanity, and death."

In the movie, "The Lost Weekend," several subtle jabs were taken at prohibition. A hospital attendant says maliciously, "You should have seen this place during prohibition." A curious listener made an investigation. He found that the alcoholic ward in Bellevue Hospital had been closed for lack of patients and the space used as a children's ward. Now it is open! Keeley Institute at Dwight, Illinois, which treats alcoholics closed its large hospital and moved its patients to a small cottage during prohibition. Now the hospital is full!

Modern modes of living have accentuated the drinking problem. It is one thing for a Chinese coolie under the influence of liquor to negotiate his ox cart home safely. It is something else again when a drunken driver tries to operate his high-powered automobile over high-speed highways, endangering not only himself but others. Who of us has not received a deeper insight into the seriousness of the liquor problem as we have stood beside the casket of someone run down by a drunken driver? Broken bodies, broken

homes, broken fortunes, and broken lives are all a part of the social implications of the use of intoxicating beverages.

But what about drinking in moderation? Can that be the Christian's answer? Advocates of moderation are quick to point out that they are as solidly against drunkenness and intemperance as those who insist on total abstinence.

Aristotle, the ancient Greek philosopher, taught the doctrine of the "golden mean." Courage is the golden mean between cowardice and rashness. Thrift is the middle way between miserliness and prodigality. Moderation, according to this teaching, is the golden mean between excess and abstinence. The question is whether or not liquor is an item that can be judged by this measuring rod.

Certainly no Christian would say that moderation in adultery, lying, stealing, or narcotics is in keeping with God's way of life. In dealing with a practice so potentially dangerous and evil, the use of liquor even in moderation is not the answer.

In view of the teachings of Scripture and the modern social problems involved is anything but a cold sober condition fit for the Christians?

The most important question for the individual Christian is this: Will the use of liquor contribute to or detract from my spiritual development? The second question is almost as significant: Will the use of intoxicating beverages—even in moderation—help or hinder my Christian witness?

Something for Nothing

Aims for This Program

1. To look at gambling from a Christian point of view.
2. To outline the attitudes and abuses caused by gambling.
3. To determine a Christian ethic toward this practice.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: Luke 19:12-26; I Corinthians 8:1-13

WHAT'S the harm in gambling? Isn't everything we do in life a gamble?" So questioned a young airman who had been sent to his chaplain by the commanding officer when he had been caught in a barracks card game for small stakes.

A mature and thoughtful answer to these questions was given by the action of a Christian layman who faced the problem of small-scale gambling in his own life. He was honored by the election to the office of elder in his congregation. By virtue of exemplary conduct, common sense, and leadership ability he was eminently qualified for this office. He had a Christian sense of values and a fine grasp of spiritual truth. He was an executive in the organization for which he worked, and he tithed his high-bracketed salary.

Before agreeing to accept the office to which he had been elected the layman came to see his pastor. He asked about a practice in his life and questioned whether or not it was in keeping with the office to which he had been chosen. Occasionally, he said, he and some of his fellow-executives played a game of poker. The stakes were absurdly

low for such high-salaried men. No one ever won or lost more than a dollar or two. But, he asked, could he in good conscience continue this pastime if he accepted the eldership?

The pastor, with a keen appreciation of the layman's integrity and spiritual sensitiveness, was reluctant to pass judgment. Not until some years later, after the elder had served his church with distinction, did the pastor learn he had given up this form of recreation before he had accepted the office.

In this case gambling was about as harmless as it ever could be. Yet thoughtful consideration of the matter from a thoroughly Christian perspective led this layman to the conclusion that gambling in any form was not consistent with his Christian profession.

What about gambling from the Christian point of view? Can it ever be regarded as a harmless pastime if kept within bounds? Or is it a present and potential source of evil never to be condoned?

As Christians we turn to the Bible for guidance. Gambling per se is not mentioned. There are several instances in which lots were cast (Joshua 7:10-26, Jonah

1:7, Acts 1:26). This practice was used under certain circumstances to determine Divine will. While to the human mind the element of chance is involved in the casting of lots, it lacks the basic ingredient of gambling: to get "something for nothing."

The one incident in Scripture which has all the earmarks of modern gambling took place at the foot of the Cross (John 19:23-24). While Christ hung there in agony the soldiers on guard gambled for his seamless robe.

In determining the Christian attitude toward gambling we find guidance by holding up gambling to the light of the basic principles of the Christian faith.

STEWARDSHIP OF POSSESSIONS

Gambling is a denial of the principle of stewardship of possessions.

For the Christian, God is the acknowledged source of all he has been given. God is the owner, man the steward. As such the Christian recognizes he is responsible and accountable to God for the use he makes of material blessings (I Chronicles 29:10-14).

Many Christians faithfully set aside one-tenth of their incomes for charitable and religious causes. Few tithers, however, would maintain the right to squander the remaining nine-tenths prodigally and wastefully. The Christian recognizes his responsibility to use wisely the nine-tenths as well as the tithe.

It has been said, "A man's soul travels the same road as his attitude toward money." The use the Christian makes of his possessions, over and above the

necessities and comforts, indicates clearly the quality of his spiritual life.

Gambling, even for small stakes, reveals something of the lack of a person's sense of stewardship in the use of his possessions.

How can a man render a satisfactory account of his stewardship if he has acquired money for which he gave no honest return? Or how can he say he has been faithful with that which was entrusted to him if he wastes money which might have been used constructively?

RESPECT FOR PERSONALITY

Gambling degrades human personality. Respect for personality, it has been said, is the characteristic which distinguishes Christian faith from all other religions. Indeed the history of the Christian faith can be written in terms of its opposition to the evils which blight, impair, and destroy human life. Reverence for life, one learned theologian tells us, is at the heart of the meaning of the Gospel of Christ.

One of the worst features of gambling is what it does to the person who gambles. Something happens to his character, his attitude toward life, his sense of values. When a man has a "run of luck" he becomes smug, lulled by false security, filled with false hope. Equally vicious is what happens when a gambler is "down on his luck." He becomes frustrated, demoralized. He is overwhelmed with a sense of futility, hopelessness, and desperation. His state of mind can easily lead to crime in an effort to recoup his losses.

Gambling weakens the moral fiber of the individual. It creates a habit of mind which is disastrous for Christian living. The desire to get "something for nothing" does not square with Jesus' teaching, "Whatever you wish that men would do to you, do so to them; for this is the law and the prophets. (Matthew 7:12)

RESPONSIBILITY FOR OTHERS

Gambling disavows the Christian principle of responsibility for others. The Apostle Paul makes much of the fact that there are certain things a Christian may do without harm to himself but which may become a stumbling-block for a weaker neighbor. He makes it clear that he considers it his Christian duty to refrain from any practices which may work against the moral and spiritual welfare of his fellow men.

A father went out to the garage one wintry Sunday morning to get the car to take the family to church. Wading knee-deep in the freshly fallen snow he heard the voice of his small son calling after him, "Be careful where you step, Daddy. I'm walking in your footsteps."

If there were no other valid reasons why Christians should not gamble, the fact that it may cause moral and spiritual shipwreck of others is reason enough.

HONESTY

Gambling is essentially dishonest. Our society, as well as the Christian way of life, is based on the assumption of fair return for value received. Gambling is a way of trying to get "something for nothing." The gambler wins or

Questions for Discussion

1. Make a list of the ways in which people gamble.

2. Discuss why it is not honest to say that "farmers gamble on their crops" and "parents gamble on their children."

3. What would gambling have done to the Elder's effectiveness for the church?

4. Do the stakes have anything to do with the right and wrong of gambling?

loses his money without giving or receiving anything in return. He assumes the right to take out of society more than he puts in. In other words, gambling is a polite—but vicious—form of stealing.

Moreover, gambling is dishonest because it exploits human weakness, destroys respect for honest industry, corrupts all that it touches. It is an enemy of personal integrity, of family welfare, of good government, of true religion.

But isn't everything in life a gamble? Emphatically No! There is a very real difference between accepting the risks involved in, say, marriage or choice of life's work and staking one's money on a game of chance or skill. The difference is one of motive. In the one we may honestly and sincerely seek to give the best we have to achieve success. In the other the motive is to get "something for nothing." As an attitude toward life or as a way of increasing one's material possessions gambling has nothing in common with Christ's way of life.

The Temple of the Soul

Aims for This Program

1. To study what the Bible has to say about our bodies and their place in our lives.
2. To understand what we mean by our soul.
3. To build a philosophy of soul and body.

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE: I Corinthians 6:12-20; Daniel 1:1-16

ANYONE who has served in the armed forces cannot fail to be impressed with the high regard the military service has for the human body. Thorough physical examinations are made prior to induction, the last thing before discharge, and many times in between. Health measures are not only encouraged but enforced. Balanced diets, cleanliness, physical training, sick call, dental checks, immunization shots, firing range precautions, gas mask drills, salt tablets, safety drives, sanitary precautions—all these are designed to protect, preserve, and improve physical health.

The military recognizes that a man's usefulness is closely related to the state of his health. The most valuable man in the outfit, if he is hospitalized, is less effective from the military point of view than the newest recruit. Thus no expense is spared to keep men well or to restore them to health if they are ill.

What about the Christian attitude toward the body? What does the Bible say about the human body? What clues are we given as to how we should regard it? What effect should Christian living have on health?

One fact that strikes us even in the opening pages of the Bible is the sacredness of human life. The idea runs through Scripture like a scarlet thread holding all else together. Life has its source in God; its highest achievement is fellowship with God; and its noblest use is service for God.

Jesus spoke of his body as a temple (John 2:21). A temple, by definition, is a holy place dedicated to God. It is to be kept clean, not only for the sake of those who use it but because God dwells in it.

Our physical bodies are the temples of our souls. The Apostle Paul asks, "Do you not know that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit within you, which you have from God?" Then he goes on, "You are not your own; you were bought with a price. So glorify God in your body" (I Cor. 6:19-20 RSV).

In a college classroom a professor once asked me point blank, "What is your soul?" "Well," I began lamely, "my soul is me —." "Right," snapped the professor, "your soul is you, all of you, everything about you that makes you *you!* Your soul is not something you *have*; it is what you *are*." Per-

haps that statement will not stand up under rigid theological examination. But it does bring out the fact that it is the "whole man," not just a mysterious, immaterial ghostlike something that is the object of salvation.

The word "body" is often used in the New Testament in the figurative sense of the total personality. When Paul said, "I appeal to you therefore, Brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is your spiritual worship" (Romans 12:1), his reference was not to the physical body alone but to the individual personality acting as a complete whole.

This temple of the soul is a part of our spiritual relationship to God. All that goes to make up human personality is sacred—body, mind, and spirit. As Christians we are under the same obligation to avoid acts which desecrate the body as we are to safeguard the mind from defilement. The human body has a dignity conferred on it by the Creator who shaped it out of the earth and glorified it by the incarnation of Christ. As such it is not to be worshipped or despised but integrated into the whole personality.

The ultimate goal of the Christian life is holiness. In less ecclesiastical language that means the wholeness or health of every aspect of personality.

For the sake of convenience let us consider health from three standpoints—physical, mental, and spiritual. They are inter-related. Spiritual health is dependent in no small measure upon

Questions for Discussion

1. Why does the average American neglect the care of his body? What results?

2. Why is it that what happens to one's body—accidents, diseases—is less important than one's attitude toward it?

3. Discuss the philosophy set forth by the saying, "I'd rather wear out than rust out."

physical and mental well-being. Mental health is affected by the physical and spiritual condition. And physical health, as every doctor knows well, can be greatly influenced by the mental and spiritual factors.

PHYSICAL HEALTH

The laws of physical health are well known. Rest, cleanliness, exercise, balanced diet—all these and many others we accept as essential to physical fitness. The Christian adds another factor. His body is the temple of his soul. Because this is true, Paul urges, "let us cleanse ourselves from every defilement of body and spirit, and make holiness perfect in the fear of God" (II Cor 7:1 RSV).

The key word of physical health from a Christian point of view is *self-control*. A Christian is expected to exercise self-control in the face of moral temptation. The same self-discipline is demanded in care of the body.

There is something glaringly inconsistent about a Christian who has a gluttonous appetite. In the same way excess, whether of work, play, or study, is a sin against the whole personality as well as against the body. Indul-

gence and excess blunt the edge of personal life and diminish sensitivity to spiritual realities. The dedicated Christian exercises self-control because he views his body as an instrument of God. He disciplines the body's fine strength that it may be used effectively in God's service.

MENTAL HEALTH

Christ did not promise his followers freedom from tribulation in this life but he did point the way to mental health (John 16: 33). Disappointment, sorrow, betrayed trust, a closed door of opportunity may be felt as keenly by a Christian as anyone else. The difference is that, for the Christian, trouble is never demoralizing. Life does not go to pieces for him in the midst of his suffering. He has spiritual resources from which to draw.

The key to mental health is *faith*. Faith, at its highest, is not the confidence that worst will not come to worst, or that the thing we fear most will not come to pass. Rather it is the trust that, come what may, God will see us through (Romans 8:35-39).

One well-known American psychiatrist is said to refuse to accept a patient who does not believe in God. He says it is impossible to get a patient straightened out mentally unless he has something to tie to and to love beyond himself.

Dr. C. J. Jung, in a widely quoted statement, has written, "Among all my patients over 35, there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every

one of them fell ill because he had lost it, and none of them has been really healed who did not regain it."

SPIRITUAL HEALTH

Just as physical and mental health affects spiritual well-being, so also one's spiritual condition influences the body and the mind.

The key to spiritual health is *love*. Without that, Paul reminds us, we are nothing (I Cor. 13:1-13). This quality is so important to holiness of life that Jesus summed up the requirements of God as, "You shall love the Lord your God . . . you shall love your neighbor as yourself" (Matt. 22: 37-39).

Love is not the same as personal liking or sentimental affection. We cannot love everyone, including our enemies, the way we do those to whom we are bound by ties of family and friendship. Love, in the Biblical sense, includes the idea of active goodwill. It means concern for the best interests and highest welfare of God and our fellow men. Love in that sense is possible and practical. More than that, it is indispensable to the health of the total personality. Anything less fails to square with life at its best.

Every part of life—physical, mental, and spiritual—is a sacred trust. No segment can be abused or neglected without jeopardizing the whole. Not only the body, but all that goes to make up "self" is holy before God. The application of Christ's teachings open the way for man to fulfil the destiny for which he was created—fellowship with God, here and now, and forever.

Recreational Activities

Get Set..... To Go

Joe Dana

Even during this hot weather it will pay us to be looking forward to the fall program and getting things set for it. Much of the success of our social hours during the fall and winter will depend upon things we need to be doing now. Let us list some of them.

1. We shall need a committee to plan and carry out the program. This should include everyone who is vitally interested in recreation—and no one who is not. Never put a person on the recreation committee just to give him something to do.

2. Build up a file of games. One good way to do this is to ask each member to write out the directions for a game he would like to play and one he knows well enough to lead. You'll get an interesting assortment of games from different localities. It won't be too difficult to type them on 4 x 6 cards and file them.

3. Get some game equipment. Some you will have to buy, but much of it you can make. It will be more fun using it if you do make it. Boards for darts, checkers, nine-mens-morris, and such games are easy to make. Boxes for skittles and box hockey are not hard. Table Tennis and badminton sets will have to be bought. Collect it all now and have it in good shape.

4. Courts are likely to need repainting. Perhaps you will have to paint on new courts for new equipment. Whether they are indoor or outdoor a court should

always be in condition so that lines are easily seen. Since you will have to have several different games in the same area, use a different color paint for each court.

5. Sit down for an evening and make a tentative plan for the next several months. This doesn't mean that you can't change it. But planning is the only way to stay out of those old ruts. Put all the imagination you can into the plan. Don't be afraid to try new things and crazy ideas. Many a good time has grown out of some crazy idea. Plan for variety and plan in detail. It won't do to just put "Halloween Party" for October and "Thanksgiving Party" for November. Just what are you going to do each evening? Put it down. It is much better to have a plan and not follow it, than to have no plan to follow.

6. Don't forget to take into consideration the attitudes and abilities of members of the group. No game should be planned in which only a few could take part. Honor the religious scruples of each member as far as you possibly can. Yet the ideas of one person should not limit the activities of the whole group. Perhaps a good rule is this: Don't do anything which you would not do in the recreation room of the church back home.

Plan for it now and the recreation hour will be a very important part of the weekly group meeting this fall and winter.

A
BIBLE READING
FOR
EVERY DAY
OF THE MONTH



BY
JAMES V. CLAYPOOL
(Secy., promotion of
Bible Use,
American Bible
Society)

THEME: There's a Fight Going On in Your Inner World

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1. The Good Fight of Faith | I Timothy 6:11-21 |
| 2. Which Side Are You On? | Revelation 3:14-22 |
| 3. Stand Up to Be Counted | Mark 8:31-38 |
| 4. March against the Enemy | Ephesians 6:10-20 |
| 5. Work with Others | I Corinthians 12:12-31 |
| 6. Trust Your Commander-in-Chief | Matthew 28:16-20 |
| 7. It's Up to You | Romans 14:11-19 |
| 8. What the Bible Says of Sin | I John 1:5-10 |
| 9. A Sharpened Conscience | Romans 2:11-16 |
| 10. You Never Fool God | Matthew 23:23-28 |
| 11. Are You Superior to Jesus? | Matthew 3:13-17 |
| 12. Major on Major Matters | Ephesians 5:1-9 |
| 13. Living Up to Your Uniform | Matthew 27:22-32 |
| 14. Being Yourself | Luke 12:11-24 |
| 15. An Invitation to the Irreligious | Matthew 9:9-13 |
| 16. Restraint of the Godless | II Corinthians 5:9-15 |
| 17. Front and Center before God | Matthew 7:7-14 |
| 18. Begin Again This Day | Luke 15:11-20 |
| 19. Believe in the Future | Revelation 21:1-7 |
| 20. Secondhand Religion | Hebrews 11:1-6 |
| 21. Forever United | Romans 8:35-39 |
| 22. The Nature of Man | Luke 15:21-32 |
| 23. The Moral Law of God | I John 5:1-12 |
| 24. The Authority of Jesus Christ | John 1:1-14 |
| 25. Meeting God in Personal Experience | John 20:26-31 |
| 26. A Kingdom without the King | Luke 4:1-13 |
| 27. A Faith for Our Times | Matthew 8:18-27 |
| 28. Manliness Is a Compound | John 19:1-16 |
| 29. Being Magnanimous | I Peter 2:20-25 |
| 30. A Man like God | II Peter 1:1-11 |
| 31. The Value of a Name | I John 5:1-5 |



A veteran of five years' service with the Infantry during World War II, **Chick Manwaring** ("The Fish That Got Away," page 1) has been writing for eight years and has had stories published in several magazines. **LINK** readers will remember his "Marooned in the Sky" which appeared in the May issue.

Upon finishing four years in the Navy, **Robert L. Carl** ("Tremendous Trifles," page 7) returned to his native Los Angeles where he is employed in an actor's agency office. Mr. Carl combines his free-lance writing hobby with gardening around his home.

After a long career of mining which took him to Peru, South America, **John K. Walsh** ("A Bull's-Eye for Judge Sorghum," page 10) is now Director of Personnel at the State Prison, Jefferson City, Missouri. A veteran of the first World War, he has three sons who are veterans of World War II. Mr. Walsh's hobby is short story writing, especially Ozark humor and adventure.

Missouri-born, New Jersey-bred **Louis C. Fink** ("The Book of Free Men," page 16) directs the advertising of the Trust Company of Georgia, his "home" state. Mr. Fink, an ex-GI, collaborates with his wife on some eighty articles a year.

Elizabeth Sadler ("Mosquitoes and Other Animals," page 20), who traveled in the Far East with the U.S. Department of State as a journalist and teacher in the Foreign Service, is now on assignment in Germany. Miss Sadler is coauthor of a textbook of English used by Koreans.

Carl W. McGeehon (United Fellowship Outlines, page 28), a graduate of Geneva College and Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary, served for thirty-nine months during World War II as a chaplain in the air force and was recalled to active duty in January, 1952. Chaplain McGeehon has written youth outlines for the *United Presbyterian*.

Since being discharged from the Air Corps, **James Burroughs**, who illustrated "A Bull's-Eye for Judge Sorghum," has been "at various times a fertilizer salesman, a sign painter, a photoengraver—always an illustrator." Mr. Burroughs' wife, two sons, and pet airedale serve as models, and "for adult male figures I use an oversized mirror, which accounts for two errors sometimes discovered in my work—shirt buttons on the wrong side, and my men are invariably homely."

Illustrations for "The Fish That Got Away" were drawn by **Floyd Pettengill** who formerly headed the Army's Training Literature and Visual Aids Section. Mr. Pettengill is now taking art courses at Alfred University, N.Y., where he is cartoonist for the college paper.



The candidate prosily orating at the audience: "We want land reform. We want housing reform. We want educational reform. We want—"

A bored voice in the audience piped up: "Chloroform."

It was an indignant postman who lowered his sack at the end of the day.

"If some people don't take the cake," he exclaimed to his co-workers.

"What's the matter?" asked one of them.

"That new woman on my route," he snorted, "told me that if she doesn't get her letters earlier in the morning, she'll get them from another mailman!"

—Quote

Sign posted on bulletin board at a military airport:

"Notice! Absolutely no flying over the nudist camp located exactly 8 miles SSW on a true course of 190°."

"You'll drive me out of my mind," said the golfer.

"That would be a putt, dear—hardly a drive," replied his wife.

The squad of recruits were very raw. Even the simple orders "Right turn" and "Left turn" meant nothing to them. After various efforts the officer in charge got them halted and eyed them sadly.

"It's no use," he said. "It's not a drill instructor you need—it's a sheep dog."

A Scotsman, leaving on a business trip, called back as he was leaving:

"Good-by all, and dinna forget to take little Donald's glasses off when he isna looking at anything."

—The Seabag

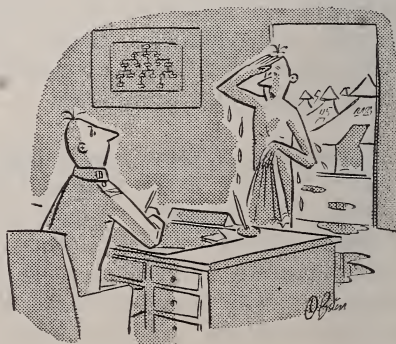
You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. You walk across the street, changing to verbal, and then become dative.

If she is not objective, you become plural—you walk home together.

Her little brother is an indefinite object, and her mother is accusative and becomes imperative.

You talk about the future, and she changes the subject. Her father becomes present, and you become past tense.

—Quote



"You called, sir?"





